out of my garret early — And I will surely send you something to show you that I was not idle altogether.

Yrs. truly,
Your friend,
G. W. Clinton.

Prof. A. Gray.

And so, Francis Boott is dead. The announcement, though I never knew him, gave me great pain.

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Buffalo. Jan. 26. 1854.

My dear Gray:

I wish I could begin "Clinton redivivus to Gray Sempervirens," but I am so dull and bedrooped! I believe I had not even the grace to wish you a happy New Year — you, who have done so much to make my last two years so nearly happy! And, even now, I have not the energy of a mouse. I cant muster enough to enable me to be decently attentive to Agassiz the famous, who is now lecturing here before our Soc. By the bye! what a queer thing a lecture is. A distinguished man mounts a stage, and, in one hour and a half, talks what he has written often, & what, when he has written well, he has compressed into 20-30' easy reading — and he delights his audience — even that portion who have read his writings. There's a philosophy in this which I do not understand. Perhaps we all like to have our pates scratched, & tapped, & rubbed, by expert barbers. Perhaps our minds are like shingled roofs (only vastly more so) in which the nails represent our ideas - and are continually working up & out, & require to be knocked in again from time to time. I am very sure that I would rather read Agassiz than hear him lecture.

I have been, perforce, to Albany, twice this winter, & I understand, have been placed upon the Comm$^{ee}$ on the State Cabinet, by the Chancellor: at least it was announced to me that he would put me there. Assuming that I was to be so honored, I visited New York, & tried to throw off my lassitude & make myself agreeable among the botanists. I found Geo. Thurber in, and, poor wretch! I think I must have talked him very tired. And then I dropped in upon D. C. Eaton, and kept him up, I don't know how late. And then I called, by appointment, on D$^{r}$ Torrey, and talked the State Herbarium matter over, and was charmed to find that he approved my views anent the same, & promised his co-operation. In truth I had ~~the~~ a fine time. It was sport, the finest sport to me, whatever it may have been to them. I called at Ivison & Phinney's & got the Garden Botany & addenda, but could not find the Add$^{a}$ which I have reason to think you made this Spring.

I have some thoughts, if I live, of trying to get up a party, next Season, to explore the Adirondack Region. Mount Marcy (strange sycophancy in the naming) is a little fellow beside M$^{t}$ Washington; but, for the crown of New York, I am anxious that our scarce Alpine hills should yield a profuser and rarer flora than ~~[illegible]~~ the half-mountains of our Northeast.

I hope to get at my last season's collections soon - I may be able to do so this week, especially if they get the wash